IGNORAMUS:

An Excellent New Song.

To the Tune of, *Lay by your Pleading, Law lies a bleeding.*

[1]

SInce Reformation
With *Whig*'s in Faſhion,
There's neither Equity nor Juſtice in the Nation.
Againſt their Furies,
There no ſuch Cure is,
As lately hath been wrought by *Ignoramus-Juries.*
Compaction of Faction,
That breeds all Diſtraction,
Is at the Zenith Point, but will not bear an Action.
They ſham us, and flam us,
And ram us, and damn us,
And then, in ſpight of Law, come off with Ignoramus.

[2]

Oh, how they Plotted,
Brimighams Voted,
And all the *Mobile* the Holy Cauſe promoted.
They preach'd up Treaſon,
At ev'ry ſeaſon,
And taught the Multitude Rebellion was but Reaſon,
With Breaches, Impeaches,
And moſt Loyal Speeches,
With Royal Blood again to glut the thirſty Leeches.
They ſham us and flam us, &c.

[3]

'Tis ſuch a *Jury*
Wou'd paſs no *Tory*,
Were he as Innocent as a Saint in Glory:
But let a Brother
Raviſh his Mother,
Aſſaſſinate his King, he wou'd find no other.
They ſhamed, and blamed,
At Loyaliſts aimed; (flamed.
But when a *Whig*'s repriev'd, the Town with Beacons
They ſham us, and flam us, &c.

[4]

This *Ignoramus*
With which they ſham us,
Wou'd find againſt a *York*, to raiſe a *Monmouth*-amus
Who clears a Traytor;
And a King Hater
Againſt his Lawful Prince wou'd find ſufficient matter.
They ſought it, and wrought it,
Like Rebels they fought it, (it.
And with the price of Royal Martyrs bloud they bought
They ſham us, and flam us, &c.

[5]

At the *Old-Baily*,
Where Rogues flock daily,
A greater Traytor far then *Coleman*, *White* or *Staley*,
Was late Indicted,
Witneſſes cited,
But then he was ſet free; ſo the King was righted.
'Gainſt Princes, Offences
Prov'd in all ſenſes;
But 'gainſt a *Whig* there is no Truth in Evidences.
They ſham us, and flam us, &c.

[6]

But wot you what, Sir?
They found it not, Sir;
'Twas ev'ry Jurors Caſe, and there lay all the Plot, Sir.
For at this ſeaſon,
Shou'd they do reaſon, (ſon?
Which of themſelves ſhou'd ſcape, if they found it Trea-
Compaſſion in faſhion,
The Int'reſt of th' Nation:
Oh, what a Godly point is ſelf-preſervation!
They ſham us, and flam us, &c.

[7]

'Las what is Conſcience
In *Baxter*'s own ſenſe, (ſenſe.
When Int'reſt lies at ſtake, an Oath and Law is Non-
Now they will banter
Quaker and *Ranter*,
To find a Royaliſt, and clear a Covenanter.
They'l wrangle and brangle,
The Soul intangle,
To ſave the Traytors Neck from the old Triangle.
They flam us, and ſham us, &c.

[8]

Alaſs! for pity
Of this good City,
What will the *Tories* ſay in their Drunken Dity?
When all Abettors,
And Monarch Haters, (tors.
The Brethren damn'd their Souls to ſave malicious Tray-
But mind it, long winded,
With prejudice blinded,
Leſt what they did reject, another Jury find it.
Then ſham us, and flam us,
And ram us, and damn us,
When againſt King and Law you find an Ignoramus.

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